

Catch 22, Arm To Arm

Another fucking day
it's still a nine to five, I swear.
I don't want to reach the top.
I don't want to be a millionaire.
I know that it may sound crazy,
but it's driving me insane.
Staring out the window of another fucking train.

[CHORUS] We're walking arm to arm. I won't follow.
Arm to arm. I won't lead.
Arm to arm. Beside me until tomorrow.
Arm to arm. You're walking arm to arm with me.

I'm feeling kind of homesick when I smell the old pine tree.
I felt you in the breeze, I close my eyes, it's not so easy for me.
Once or twice, three times a charm.
We were walking arm to arm.
I wanted that for so damn long, but now it's gone.
I've never been so wrong. Drop me a line.
Tell me everything that I've been missing.
Won't you drop me a line.
Tell me where you're gonna be when I get home.
2000 years more won't end this war, my brother.
Half empty, half full. You're pushing, I'm pulling.

woooooah woah oh oh wooah oh oh

Back in '96, sometimes I sit and reminisce.
Look the train to Hoboken,
I didn't know it then,
but that is when I found my place outside this so-called structured life.
Married to my only love and music is my wife.

[CHORUS]